THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

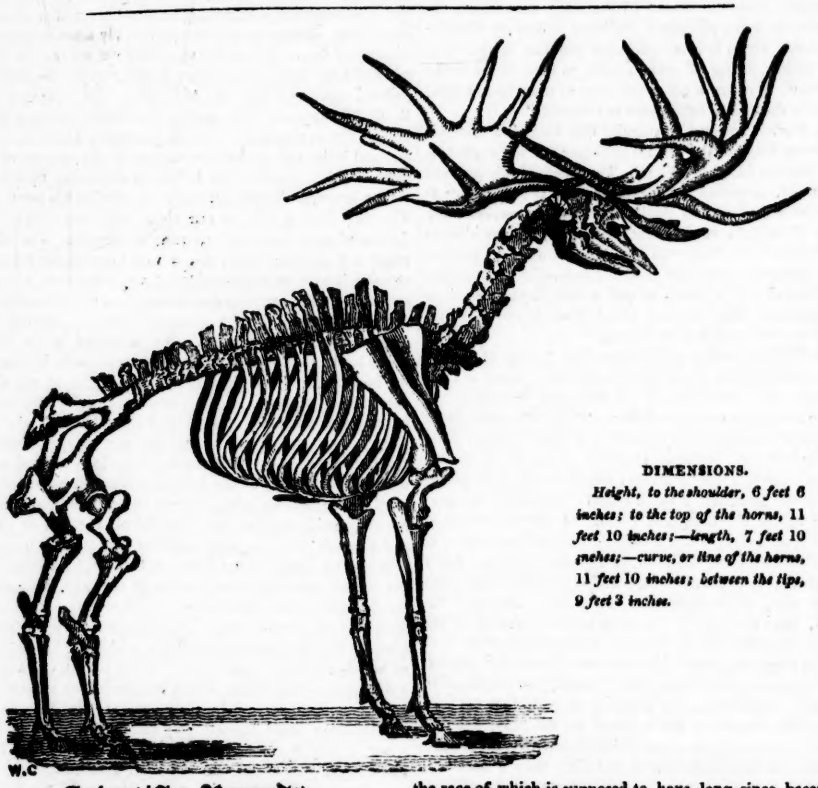
"UTILE DULCI."

This familiar Miscellany, from which religious and political matters are excluded, contains a variety of original and selected Articles; comprehending Literature, Criticism, Men and Manners, Amusement, Elegant Extracts, Poetry, Anecdotes, Biography, Meteorology, the Drama, Arts and Sciences, Wit and Satire, Fashions, Natural History, &c. &c. forming a handsome Annual Volume, with an Index and Title-page.—*Its circulation renders it a most eligible medium for Advertisements.*

No. 268.—Vol. VI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1825. PRICE 3½d

FOSSIL ELK OF IRELAND,

Presented by Archdeacon Maunsell to the Royal Dublin Society. Found in the County of Limerick, between two hills, in shell marl, about five feet below the surface.



W.C

DIMENSIONS.

Height, to the shoulder, 6 feet 6 inches; to the top of the horns, 11 feet 10 inches;—length, 7 feet 10 inches;—curve, or line of the horns, 11 feet 10 inches; between the tips, 9 feet 3 inches.

Scientific Records.

[Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological, and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History; Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.; List of Patents;—to be continued in a series through the Volume.]

[FROM THE LIVERPOOL MERCURY.]

ENTIRE FOSSIL SKELETON OF A HUGE AND EXTINCT ANIMAL OF THE DEER SPECIES, LATELY DISCOVERED IN IRELAND.—It must be well known to our readers in general, that fossil bones, of animals of the deer or elk species, but much larger than the present race of either, are frequently met with in the bogs of Ireland. Until lately, however, we believe that no entire fossil skeleton has been discovered; and Ireland, in addition to the other natural curiosities with which she abounds, may now boast of a unique and perfect specimen of an animal, the race of which is supposed to have long since become extinct.*

The contemplation of these organic relics of a former world impress the mind with an indescribable emotion, partaking of the solemn and the sublime The conversion of animated and perishable matter into inanimate and imperishable stone is a most interesting phenomenon. It is as if nature, in order to perpetuate the recollection of her own works, had resorted to one of her rarest secrets, to produce a durable specimen of her own gigantic productions, in the distant ages of which history has preserved no records.

It is not improbable that these fossil fragments belonged to a race of animals which lived before the pyramids of Egypt were erected. Cuvier conjectures that they were probably "formed before our continents existed in their present state."

Although these "organic remains" are found in such abundance in Ireland, and so rarely met with elsewhere, that some eminent naturalists consider them indigenous, or peculiar to that island, yet they have been occasionally discovered in England and in the Isle of Man. In the fifth volume of the *Liverpool Mercury*, published on the 15th December, 1815, we gave the representation of a pair of immense horns, which were then exhibiting in Liverpool, by Mr. Ryley, who, whimsically enough, endeavoured to render his "New Brooms" more attractive by the association of these enormous antlers. They had recently been dug up in a marl pit, in the Isle of Man, thirteen feet from the surface. The head was not much larger than that of an ox, but the palmated branching horns measured nearly six feet in length each, and extended about nine feet from tip to tip.†

* The following paragraph is from the *Dublin Evening Post*:—"A subject of infinite importance to the science of comparative anatomy has been recently made in the discovery of a complete skeleton of this stupendous animal, by the Rev. Mr. Wray Maunsell, Archdeacon of Limerick. The valley in which the remains were found contains about twenty plantation acres, and the soil consists of a stratum of peat, about a foot thick; immediately under this is a stratum of shell marl, varying from one and a half to two and a half feet in thickness. In this many of the shells retain their original colour and figure, and are not marine; under the marl there is a bed of light blue clay—through this, one of the workmen employed in digging out the remains, drove an iron rod in several places twelve feet deep, without meeting any opposition. Other bones were found with marl, eight in all; in one place two heads were found with the antlers entwined in each other, and immediately under them a large blade bone; in another, a very large head was discovered, and, although a most diligent search was made, no part of the skeleton was found within some hundred yards; in another, the jaw-bones were found and not the head. The Archdeacon, in a letter on this subject he lately addressed to the Right Hon. G. Knox, Vice-president of the Royal Dublin Society, in whose museum the skeleton is placed, says,—"A question naturally arises, how it happens that the fossil remains of no other animals were found, when the same fate (the Deluge) overwhelmed every existing creature? Could deer have been the only living beings at that period? Was Ireland part of a great continent when this catastrophe occurred, and were these unfortunates the first emigrants to our isle from that great centre from whence the globe was supplied with occupants,—and did they perish before other animals, less influenced by enterprise, and less endowed with physical strength, could have followed their example?"—We may well be excused, in the present instance, for feeling a degree of national pride, that our native institutions, for the encouragement of the arts and sciences, should have been the first public body in Europe to obtain a perfect skeleton of one of the most remarkable animals that ever existed. This magnificent skeleton is perfect in every single bone of the frame-work, which contributes to form a part of its general outline. The spine, the chest, the pelvis, and the extremities, are all complete in this respect; and, when surmounted by the head, and beautifully expanded antlers, which extend out to a distance of nearly six feet on either side, forms a splendid display of the relics of the former grandeur of the animal kingdom, and carries back the imagination to a period when whole herds of this noble animal wandered at large over the face of the country."

† We have either read, or have been told, that there is, in Trinity College, Dublin, a pair of horns of unprecedented dimensions. If any of our Dublin readers would favour us with a description of them, we should be much obliged.—We recollect having seen a pair of very large horns over a public-house door in Garstang, Lancashire. Will any of our country readers have the goodness to give us some information respecting them;

In the Philosophical Transactions, there is a description of a pair of horns discovered by Mr. Knowles, in 1744, in a peat moss, near North Deighton, in Yorkshire, which measured five feet and one inch each, covered with velvet. "Independent of these (adds Mr. Knowles) I do not remember to have met with any of this species before, either in England or any where else, except in Ireland."

where were they found, how, and when, and what are their dimensions?

A pair of very fine American horns were lately sent over by Dr. Taylor, as a present to Mr. Egerton Smith. They were exhibited some weeks in our office; and we doubt not it will please our good friend to learn that Mr. Smith has presented them to the Liverpool Royal Institution, in the museum of which they are deposited.

From one expression used in Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, we might conclude that there was formerly in England a species of deer now unknown. Nothing is added by which we can ascertain whether they were much larger than the present race; but we think, had they approximated to the size of those immense animals, the fossil remains of which are so abundant in Ireland, we should have been apprized of the fact by some of our historians or naturalists. The passage in Gibbon is worth transcribing, as well on account of its allusion to a particular species of deer, as to a peculiar custom of our ancestors.—"Amongst the English (says he) in London, there is a custom, that on St. Paul's Conversion, the people, in a sort of wild procession, bring into the church of St. Paul the head of a KIND OF DEER frequent in that island, fixed upon a long spear or pole, with the whole company blowing hunters' horns in a hideous manner; and so in this rude pomp they go up to the high altar and offer it there."—*Gib.* vol. 1, p. 202.—Although it has no connexion with the main subject of which we are treating, yet, as illustrative of the rude and heathenish customs of our forefathers, just adverted to, we are tempted to transcribe the following passage from Erasmus, as we find it in our portfolio:—"Camden thinks it not improbable that there anciently was a temple of Diana where St. Paul's now stands, from the great number of ox heads that were found there, in digging up the church-yard there in the reign of Edward I."

While we were writing the foregoing article we met with a most extraordinary paragraph, which has lately appeared in the American papers, and which, if the narration it contains be true, would almost justify our belief in the existence of the kraken, and other tremendous monsters of the deep mentioned by Pontoppidan and other writers, whom we have been accustomed to consider as weak and credulous compilers of the fabrications or exaggerations of lying travellers. —"We lately mentioned that the bones of a nondescript animal, of an immense size, and larger than any bones that have hitherto been noticed by naturalists, had been discovered about twenty miles from New Orleans, in the alluvial ground formed by the Mississippi river and the lakes, and but a short distance from the sea. It now appears that these gigantic remains had been disinterred, by a Mr. W. Schofield, of New Orleans, who spent about a year in this arduous undertaking. A *fragment* of a cranium is stated to measure twenty-two feet in length; in its broadest part four feet high, and, perhaps, nine inches thick; and it is said to weigh 1200lb. The largest extremity of this bone is thought evidently to answer to the human scapula; it tapers off to a point, and retains a flatness to the termination. From these facts it is inferred, that this bone constituted a fin, or fender. One of its edges, from alternate exposures to the tide and atmosphere, has become spongy or porous; but, generally, it is in a perfect state of ossification. A large groove or canal presents itself in the superior portion of this bone, upon the sides of which considerable quantities of ambergris may be collected, which appears to have suffered little or no decomposition or changes by age. It burns with a beautiful bright flame, and emits an odoriferous smell while burning: it is of a greasy consistence, similar to adipocere. It is evident that there was a corresponding fin, or fender. The animal, therefore, must have been *fifty feet in breadth*, from one extremity of a fin to the other, allowing for wear and tear, as well as a disproportionate width of the back to the length of the fins. There are several of the dorsal vertebræ, and one of the lumbar, and a bone answering to the coccygis in our anatomy. The vertebræ are sound, and corresponding in size to the largest bone. The protuberances of the vertebræ are three feet in extent; they lead to the supposition that the animal had considerable protuberances on the back; the body of each vertebræ is at least twenty inches in diameter, and as many in length. The tube, or calibre, for containing the spinal marrow, is six inches in diameter. Some of the arterial and nervous indentations, or courses, are yet visible. There is a bone similar to our os calcis, one foot in length, and eight inches in diameter. —*From the New York Evening Post of July* 15.

Ireland, as we have already observed, seems to be so peculiarly the depository of these remnants of former days, that we shall devote the remainder of this article to the exclusive consideration of the wonderful fossil relics found in such abundance in that fertile and romantic island. Naturalists cannot precisely determine whether these huge bones belonged to the elk, the moose-deer, the rein-deer, or any animal now in existence in any other part of the world. Cuvier observes, that the general resemblance of the family of *Ruminata* to each other is so great, that the several genera can only be characterized by parts, such as horns; which, from frequently varying with age, sex, and climate, must, in their fossil and mutilated states, be very uncertain guides.

Dr. Mortimer, as quoted in Parkinson's Organic Remains, vol iii. p. 316, makes the following remark:—"As to the large horns found fossil in Ireland, I have taken particular notice (in several I have seen) that beside the main horns being palmated, the brow antlers are likewise palmated, which is a circumstance peculiar to the rein-deer species, being of great service to them in removing the snow, in order to get at the grass or moss underneath, which is their chief subsistence in Lapland."

M. Cuvier, however, contends, that there is a material difference between the present rein-deer and the fossil animal remains found in Ireland. The words of this eminent naturalist, as quoted by Parkinson, are as follow:—"*Il est certain que les bois fossiles d'Irlande ne peuvent venir ni de l'élan* (elk) *ni du renne* (rein-deer.) *Nous n'avons pas besoin de le prouver au long pour ce dernier, puisque leur différence saute aux yeux: l'andouiller* (the antler) *qui descend sur le front, et qui a seul donné lieu à la comparaison, étant toujours simple dans le fossile, et jamais branchu comme dans le renne.*"

In Parkinson's Organic Remains (vol. 3, page 314) there is a representation of a pair of fossil horns, found at Dardistown, near Drogheda, of the following dimensions:—From the extreme tip of each horn, 10 feet 10 inches; from the tip of the right horn to its root, 5 feet 2 inches; from the tip of one of the inner branches, to the tip of the opposite branch, 3 feet 7½ inches; length of one of the palms within the branches, 2 feet 6 inches; breadth of the same palm within the branches, 1 foot 10½ inches; length of right brow antler, 1 foot 2 inches; beam of each horn, at some distance from the head, in diameter, 2 inches and 1 sixteenth; in circumference, 8 inches; beam of each horn at its root, in circumference, 11 inches; length of the head, from the back of the skull to the extremity of the upper jaw-bone, 2 feet; breadth of the skull, 1 foot.

The engraving with which we now present our readers is an exact copy of a lithographic sketch, just published in Dublin; and we have the pleasure to add, that the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the copy, has promised to procure for us a recent dissertation upon the organic remains so often discovered in Ireland. Such a work will afford us some interesting materials for the scientific department of the *Kaleidoscope*. ☞

The Traveller.

A TRIP

TO THE CHAIN-BRIDGE, NEAR BANGOR, AND OTHER PARTS OF NORTH WALES,

INCLUDING

Beaumaris, Carnarvon, the Lakes of Llanberris, Conway, Llanwrst, Llangollen, &c. &c.

FROM THE 26TH TO THE 29TH JULY, 1825.

[*Written expressly for the Kaleidoscope.*]

[*Continued from our last.*]

Next morning the weather was as beautiful as ever, and at an early hour we accompanied the ladies in visiting the Castle, the interior of which, the gloomy passages, the massy towers, and the fine view from the top, afforded us much scope for speculative observation, and for pretty active exertion. Of course, our little guide did not omit to point out the room in which Edward II. was born, nor which were the courtly and which the military departments of the place.

After our party had enjoyed a substantial breakfast at the hotel, I proceeded into the town for an hour or two to transact some business, the only remarkable feature of which was my receiving payment of a debt of above nine years' standing, from a person I never knew. During this time a handsome open sociable and a pair of horses were got ready for a few hours' excursion. The hotels at Carnarvon are well supplied with convenient cars and sociables, the latter being adapted to the comfortable accommodation of six persons. By-the-by, I may here mention, that six appears to be the best number for a party making a tour such as that I am describing; for whether in boats, or on vehicles on shore, the sixth part of the cost of conveyance is extremely reasonable; while, at the same time, six persons are as comfortably accommodated as three or four. About eleven o'clock we set out for the lakes of Llan-berris, proceeding a little way by the Beddgellant road, making a call at Penrhos, the residence of R. H. W. Esq. and then crossing the country towards the lakes. The approach to the lower or principal lake is rugged and hilly, and we left our carriage at the summit of a piece of high ground just before we descended into the vale, a boatman, having there met us, offering his services. The view from a stile on our right hand was here truly delightful, and came upon us quite by surprise. The lake which lay shining before us, a very picturesque bridge crossing it near its lower extremity, and the almost Alpine appearance of the surrounding mountains, with Snowdon's venerable summit in the distance, formed a picture at once interesting and sublime. We proceeded to the foot of the lake, and seated ourselves in a small boat, in which the boatman and his wife immediately began to use the oars very dexterously. "Row, *brothers* row," would here have been out of place; but "*the Vale of Ovoca*" was vividly present to our minds, and our ears enjoyed a vocal remembrancer of it. The water in the lake seemed unusually low, owing to the long continued drought; for, until we reached the bridge I have before mentioned, our boat frequently touched the clear pebbly bottom, or rustled through the long and beautiful verdure which grew beneath the surface of the water, and which, by a constant inclination towards the termination of the lake, indicated the direction of the placid stream. At one time the boatman stepped into the water and dragged the boat easily along. We soon passed the bridge, under the low arches of which several cows were enjoying the luxuries of a cool shade and a foot bath. From this portal we entered at once upon the deep and broad expanse of the lake, and our boatman made himself very communicative with respect to any remarkable spot, or incident, within his knowledge. Snowdon, and the other mountains around, cast their varied shadows upon the water; the sun shone in meridian splendour; and we glided merrily along, occasionally refreshing ourselves with a handful of water from the sweet and chrystal element on which we floated. All around was loveliness and happiness; and it was pleasing, though not at all surprising, to see, that when the ladies averted their eyes from other attractions, and looked over into the brilliant abyss below, four handsome blooming faces gazed smilingly up at them. Dol Badern Castle, or rather tower, now became a prominent object, crowning the head of the lake; and we landed to the right of it, upon the banks of a meadow, through which we passed to the only inn in the neighbourhood, where we enjoyed some refreshment, and where our boatman and his "*help meet*," who had rowed us about three miles, and were to row us back again, for six shillings, were not forgotten.

From the inn we walked, shaded from the hot sun by umbrellas and parasols, to the junction of the upper and lower lakes, near the foot of Dol Badern tower. A good looking but meanly-dressed boy, who seemed to guess at our object, here placed himself just before us, and slowly

walked up to the tower, by the most direct road. We followed him, and ascended to the castle terrace, which commanded a fine view of the lower, and a portion of the upper lake; but we were excluded, by a part of the building, from a full view of the entire vale. In a few moments our little guide, whom we had scarcely missed, peeped out upon us from an upper window of the ruined tower. He could not tell us how he got there, because he could not utter a word of English; but we were much surprised, when, after another momentary disappearance, we saw him looking down upon us from the very top of the tower. Two of our enterprising ladies determined upon following him, if possible; and we discovered, that, by climbing through a window-place, above the steps of the terrace, access could be obtained to what was once, no doubt, a convenient spiral staircase. They climed the place, followed by Mr. M. and myself, who were astonished at their intrepidity in ascending the building, which consisted of a pretty large circular tower, with small shattered steps, leading spirally up the interior of the walls to the top, without any rail or any central support whatever, and where the least slip must have cost life or limb. Up, however, they and we proceeded; and, when we reached the top, and sat down upon the main wall of the ruins, the panorama was, indeed, complete: the entire valley, the two lakes, and the surrounding mountains and quarries, were all in broad display around us, while the thunder-like reports of explosions in the distant slate-rocks, and the echoes they occasioned from the hills, heightened the interest of the gratifying scene. The ladies (and, perhaps, the gentlemen, too) felt a momentary fear, respecting the descent they had to make; but our little guide, who ran about the tops of the steep walls like a cat, seemed to show us so good an example of coolness of mind, that, after advising each other to steadiness and carefulness, we descended in safety, and rewarded the little silent boy for his unsought voluntary guidance. We then returned to our inn, and, in a short time, proceeded to our boat, meeting, in our way, the worthy Alderman T. C. whom I have before mentioned, and also W. S. Esq. the T. C. of a certain "*good old town*," with his family. We had a short conversation with them upon some local matters, amongst which, the merits and claims of a certain Mechanics' Institute were not omitted. We then set out on our return. During our stay at the inn we had some idea of ascending Snowdon; but we found, on calculation, that it would be too great a task for that day, and that, to stay during the night at the inn, in order to ascend the mountain at the best time, namely, at sunrise, would disarrange our plans. All the party, however, except myself, whom business prevented, agreed to return to the inn on the following night, and make the ascent at dawn the succeeding morning. I must here remark that Snowdon does not appear so lofty from the lake as a stranger would expect: but this is owing, no doubt, to the nearness and bulk of the surrounding hills, and the uncertainty, to the eye, of the actual distance of that lord of the mountains. On the road to Carnarvon we were particularly struck with the forwardness of the grain crops, which appeared a fortnight in advance, compared with those of Lancashire and Cheshire. We arrived at the hotel in the evening, and sat down, at seven o'clock, to an excellent dinner, including some choice fish, and by far the tenderest and best mutton we ever tasted. As we were now in "*foreign parts abroad*," we managed, amongst us, a bottle of good port, and drank to the healths of "*all friends in England.*" In the evening we ordered fresh horses to our sociable, and were quickly conveyed, by moonlight, over a fine road, and through a beautiful country, to Bangor, where, at the Liverpool Arms, we met with pleasant looks, good entertainment, and comfortable repose.

On the following morning the weather was as beautiful as ever, and, as my time was more limited than that of my companions, I resolved to proceed to the Chain-bridge and back before breakfast. Mr. M. was kind enough to join me, and, in a few minutes, there was ready for us a one-horse car, similar to those so much used in Dublin, and called outside cars. It was capable of accommodating six persons, besides the driver, and was altogether a comfortable vehicle. We soon reached the summit of the elevated ground between the city and the bridge, and, then, looking to the northward, on our right, we enjoyed a magnificent view of the whole bay of Beaumaris, and of all the prominent objects by which its beautiful neighbourhood is distinguished. Descending from this point, past the ferry-house, we immediately arrived at the shore, and then turning to the left, we ascended a slope till we reached the level of the road-way of the new bridge, one hundred feet above high-water mark. Here we stood near one of the great suspending piers, whose foundation is more than one hundred feet below, and whose summit is fifty-two feet above, the level of the road. Two arched gate-ways are formed through this gigantic structure, leading to the two intended carriage-ways across the straits. Over the apex of this pier, the four massy chains hang in firm but graceful festoon. We traced them nearly to their fastenings in the rocks, and were astonished at the amazing strength and security of the whole work. Between the fastenings and the pier we noticed the erection of what seemed designed for the toll-house; a handsome building, rising up to, and amongst the chains, as if the bridge were to derive its *support* (and perhaps it will) from the *toll* house. We walked up the chains to the top of this building, and thence to the apex of the pier, where our elevation, one hundred and fifty-two feet above the water, appeared somewhat terrific.

I may here remark that the four chains are thus formed of bars of wrought iron. Each bar is about ten feet long, about three inches broad, and one inch thick. Five of these bars placed upon their edges, with fastenings at the ends, which keep them more than an inch asunder, form a straight link, a series of which links, to the length of 1714 feet, constitutes a single chain. Four such chains, placed one above the other, the joints of one chain falling on the centre of the links of the next, form *one great chain*, containing, of course, twenty solid bars, the pressure upon each of which will be equalized by connecting stanchions.

Each carriage-way, twelve feet wide, will be supported by two of these great chains; and there will be a foot-path along the centre. I have here described such links as are placed between the two piers and crossing the straits; those from the piers to the fastenings are rather shorter and thicker. The two centre chains, below which the foot-path will be formed between the carriage-ways, are, of course, near to each other; perhaps not three feet asunder. Between these two chains lay our path over the straits; a temporary path, formed of planks, two in a breadth, suspended from the lower links, the upper ones serving as a sort of hand rail.

From the apex on which we sat the chains appeared to descend very steeply towards their fastenings on the land side, and towards the centre over the straits. Although the planks were not properly fastened, we proceeded fearlessly along the vast curvature, 590 feet in length, to the pier on the Anglesea side. Over the centre of the straits we sat down on a small stage, which had been placed there for the band of musicians on the day when the last chain was suspended. From this place, looking downwards, we observed that the colour of the water appeared to be a muddy pea green. On the apex of the Anglesea pier we had some conversation with one of the superintendents of the work, who obligingly showed us the rollers under the saddle of the chains, and the space in which they would move in case the contraction or expansion of the chains by cold or heat should ever become unequal on the two sides of the pier. Admiration of the stupendous and almost super-human work, and of Mr. Telford's consummate skill, breathed in every observation we could make; and I thought that when death should deprive the country of the further services of that able engineer, his epitaph, simple as that upon Sir Christopher Wren, will be abundantly sufficient, if it state, that "*His monument is suspended over the Straits of Menai.*" The superintendent, while we remained on the "airy height," gave us much information relative to the proceedings of the workmen in their various arduous duties; and the only painful intelligence he communicated was, that four men had lost their lives, at different times, by falling from the elevated parts of the works. No accident, however, had happened to any of the numerous ladies and gentlemen who had recently passed over the chains. From the spot on which we stood we observed innumerable workmen completing the road to the bridge, and preparing the iron net work which is to form the sides of the bridge, as soon as the carriage-ways are placed along the perpendicular suspenders from the chains.

After thanking our obliging informant, we decended the chains on the Anglesea side, and proceeded to the water's edge, to look at the archways formed under the road between the main pier and the land. These, which look so small in the printed views of the bridge, we found to be as broad and as lofty as the aisles of the Cathedrals; being sixty-five feet in height, to the spring of the arches, and the span of each arch being fifty-two feet. We then walked towards the ferry, and the moment we reached it, a boat was ready to cross the water. We embarked, hailed our distant charioteer by a shout, he answered us by waving his hat, and then driving down to meet us, and in a few minutes we were again seated in our car, jaunting towards Bangor, and anticipating the pleasure which awaited us in again meeting our fair friends, and in the enjoyment of a good breakfast.

Liverpool. J. S.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Miscellanies.

The Cocooy, Queen Beetle.—This astonishing insect is about one inch and a quarter in length, and what is wonderful to relate, she carries by her side, just above her waist, two brilliant lamps, which she lights up at pleasure with the solar phosphorus furnished her by nature. These little lamps do not flash and glimmer like that of the fire fly, but give as steady a light as the gas light, exhibiting two perfect spheres, as large as a minute pearl, which affords light enough in the darkest night to enable one to read print by them. On carrying her into a dark closet in the day time she immediately illuminates her lamps, and instantly extinguishes them on coming again into the light. But language cannot describe the beauty and sublimity of these lucid orbs in miniature, with which nature has endowed the queen of the insect kingdom.—*New York Advertiser.*

A Wild Man.—In the midst of the woods and mountains of Hartswald, in Bohemia, a savage creature of the human species has been lately found, who, it is to be supposed, strayed, and was lost there in his infancy. He appears to be about thirty years old, but cannot articulate a syllable. He makes a curious sound like an ox, or rather barks with the voice of a dog, to which, of the two animals mentioned, his tones may be more properly compared, though the distinction is by no means clear. He runs on all fours, and as soon as he perceives any human creature, climbs a tree like a mokey, and leaps from branch to branch with incredible activity. When he sees a bird, or any other game, he pursues, and seldom fails in catching it. He has been taken to Prague, where every effort is made to civilize him, but without effect hitherto, as he appears totally incapable of being habituated to the mode of living adopted by any other human being!—*Paris paper of August 5.*

Rapid Flight.—The rapidity with which the hawk and many other birds occasionally fly, is probably not less than at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles in an hour; the common crow, twenty-five ditto; a swallow, ninety-two ditto; and the swift three times greater. Migratory birds probably about fifty miles an hour.

Corporeal Identity.—Some have considered a change of corporeal identity to be effected every three, others every seven years. Letters marked on the skin, however, last during life; and there are some diseases of which the constitution is only once susceptible.

Poetry.

SONG.

In weal I have loved thee,
In sorrow the same,
And wayward oft to me
Still sparkled love's flame;
And the rose on his shrine
Had long flourished green,
Had faithful as mine
Thy affection, love, been.

But capricious, alas!
What fetters may bind,
Unyielding and fast,
What is lighter than wind?
And woman that hopes
For aye to enslave,
Weaves a cordage of ropes
From the foam of the wave!

I have loved thee, how true
Let memory tell!
How fond—this adieu,—
These sighs, as they swell
The overcharged heart,
And tears, may proclaim!—
But for ever we part;
Love's nought but a name.

Liverpool. G.

BEAUTY.

Vitrea gemmula, fluxa que bullula Candida forma est Nix, Rosa, Ros, Nuga Ventus aura nihil.—Latin Epigram.

What is Beauty? Alas! 'tis a jewel,—a glass,—
A bubble,—a plaything,—a rose;—
'Tis the snow, dew, or air,—and so many things rare,
That 'tis nothing one well might suppose.*
'Tis a jewel, love's token,—glass, easily broken,—
A bubble that vanisheth soon;
A plaything that boys cast aside when it cloys,
A rose quickly faded and strewn.
Like the snow it will melt, like the air it is felt,
It refresheth the heart like the dew;
And as nothing can vie with a brilliant black eye,
'Tis like nothing, sweet lady,—but you.

Dublin. N. J. H.

* We do not well understand the logic by which the writer proves that Beauty is like so many things, that it is itself nothing.—*Edit. Kal.*

SONNET.

TO ———.

[*From an interesting Volume of Poems by D. L. Richardson.*]

Lady! if from my young, but clouded brow,
Joy's radiant beam depart so fitfully—
If the mild lustre of thy sweet blue eye
Cheer not the mourner's gloom,—oh! do not *Thou*,
Like the gay throng, disdain a Child of Woe,
Or deem his bosom cold!—Should the low sigh
Bring to the voice of bliss unmeet reply—
Oh! bear with one whose darkened path below
The Tempest-fiend hath crossed! The blast of doom
Scatters the ripening bud, the full-blown flower,
Of Hope, and Joy, nor leaves one living bloom,
Save Love's wild evergreen, that dares its power,
And clings to this lone heart, young Pleasure's tomb,
Like the fond ivy on the ruined tower!

Literature, Criticism, &c.

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.

The late thunder-storm produced many striking phenomena in the animal, vegetable, and mineral world; but we doubt whether one intellectual production to which it gave birth is not as surprising as any of them. It is a poetical Elegy upon the loss of a little bird, which was killed by the lightning. We subjoin a copy, and have numbered the lines, with the intention to append a few editorial notes, pointing out the beauty and originality of this little sonnet, for such we suppose it must be considered, seeing that it consists of neither more nor less than fourteen lines. The model upon which we have composed our notes is a *jeu d'ésprit* of Grose, the antiquarian, upon the simple ballad,

"A carrion-crow sat on an oak,
And spy'd a tailor cutting a cloak."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The following lines are written on the death of a favourite bird, which fell a victim to the late thunder-storm, which happened on the morning of the 5th instant:

1. Ah! fav'rite bird, thy fate with grief I deplore,
2. Thy tuneful notes cannot charm me no more;
3. Sweet were thy strains which thou each eve did sing,
4. Announcing th' early approach of vernal spring:
5. No more will thou chirp within thy wiry cage,
6. Thou fell a victim to elementary rage!!!
7. Th' electric fluid with terrific noise did pass,
8. And enter'd thro' a broken pane of glass,*
9. Instantenous caus'd thy untimely fate,
10. Which I, in broken accents, here relate.
11. Sweet bird, morn and eve I bemoan thy loss,
12. No more wilt thou hop on thy perch or moss;
13. Thy warbling notes were sweeter than the spinet;
14. Adieu! my fav'rite bird! my mountain linnet.

E. M.

10th August, 1825.
Litherland-alley, Liverpool.

* A real fact.

1. There is something ingenious, pathetic, and comprehensive in the very first line of this interesting elegy. We are at once apprized of three facts;—to wit, first, we learn that the poor bird was a great favourite; secondly, we discover that some fatal catastrophe has befallen it; and, thirdly, we are assured that the sorrow of the author is no *poetic* fiction, as he actually "deplores with grief." His inward and heart-rending woe forms a striking contrast with the outward sorrow of those hollow friends to whom Pope alludes, when he says,

"Who GRIEVE an hour, perhaps, then MOURN a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and to public show."

2. Some hypercritics may call this a pleonasm; and we expect to hear the pedants tell us that although the dying swan warbles its own requiem, it never sings after it is dead. We view the matter, however, in another way, and have no doubt that the writer means that the poor deeply-lamented and never-to-be-forgotten linnet can charm him no more, even in fancy, as he can never bear to think of it without the most agonized recollections.

3 and 4. This unfortunate linnet was no corumon bird we may be assured. Other birds sing morning, noon, any night, but this little pensive warbler, like the melanchold nightingale, only poured forth its melody at eve. But the most striking peculiarity about the dear creature was, that it should "announce the vernal spring" in a song chaunted in the most sultry season of the year.

5 and 6. We here are made acquainted with a fact, which, as it may account philosophically for the sad accident, the poet did well to notice, in order to prevent a similar catastrophe in future. The poor bird was, it seems, domiciled in a wire, not a wicker, cage; and metal is a better conductor of the electric fluid than basket-work.—"*Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*"

7 and 8. There is an excellent moral in these lines, which we could not read without exclaiming, in the significant language of the proverb, "A stitch in time saves nine!" Had the glazier been duly called in, the poor bird might still have been "announcing the early approach of vernal spring." The circumstance will be a caution to those who keep birds always to have their panes mended on the eve of a thunder-storm. In his note upon the 8th line, the writer, aware that poets are suspected of taking occasional licenses, assures us that what he describes is a "real fact," in opposition to the phrase of "false facts," the propriety of which has given rise to so much controversy.

10. We have here, in broken accents, a lamentation over the sad effects resulting from broken panes. How appropriate and expressive!

11. We rejoice to find from this line that the poet does not, like Niobe, weep without ceasing. His grief, like the tides, comes on twice a day, morning and eve; and it is a fortunate thing for him, poor man, that he has some intervals of rest, or he must soon fall a victim to his sorrows.

13 and 14. Although the heart of our poet is so exquisitely tender, we learn, from the 13th line, that he is "no chicken," as the saying is; on the contrary, he must be pretty far advanced in years, as he compares the notes of his poor lost linnet to the sound of an instrument that has been out of fashion for half a century. This is an important physiological fact, as it disproves the assertion, that our affections decrease as our wrinkles increase.

Museum.—The curious have now an excellent opportunity of viewing a beautiful collection of the most rare and singular birds, from the royal eagle down to the tiny hummingbird; also beasts, fishes, reptiles, curiosities in conchology, &c. &c. in abundance—all in a state of excellent preservation; and, with a view to make the exhibition more interesting, if possible, Mr. Kind has engaged the celebrated American giant, Lambier, whose gentlemanly manners, joined with his extraordinary size, cannot fail to excite the admiration of visitors.—*See adv.*

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli*".....VIDA.

SOLUTION TO GAME LVII.

	White.		*Black.*
1	Bishop .....C—7	(*a*) 1	Castle .....C—7
2	Queen ....A—7	(*b*) 2	King ....A—7
3	Castle ....A—1	3	King ....B—8
4	Castle ....A—8	4	King ....A—8
5	Knight ....B—6	(*c*) 5	King ....B—8
6	Castle ....D—8	(*d*) 6	Castle ....C—8
7	Castle .....C—8	7	King ....A—7
8	Castle ....A—8	MATE.	

(*a*) If the black king moves to A 8, the white knight gives checkmate at B 6.

(*b*) If the black king moves to C 8, the white knight gives checkmate at B 6.

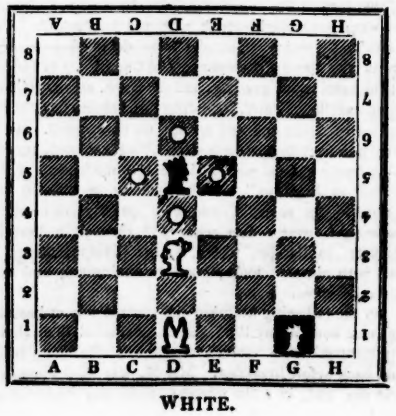
(*c*) If the black king moves to A 7, the white castle checks at A 2, and, in the following move, gives checkmate at A 8.

(*d*) If the black king moves to A 7, the white castle gives checkmate at A 8.

[NO. LVIII.]

The white to move, and to checkmate with any of the four pawns, in nine moves.

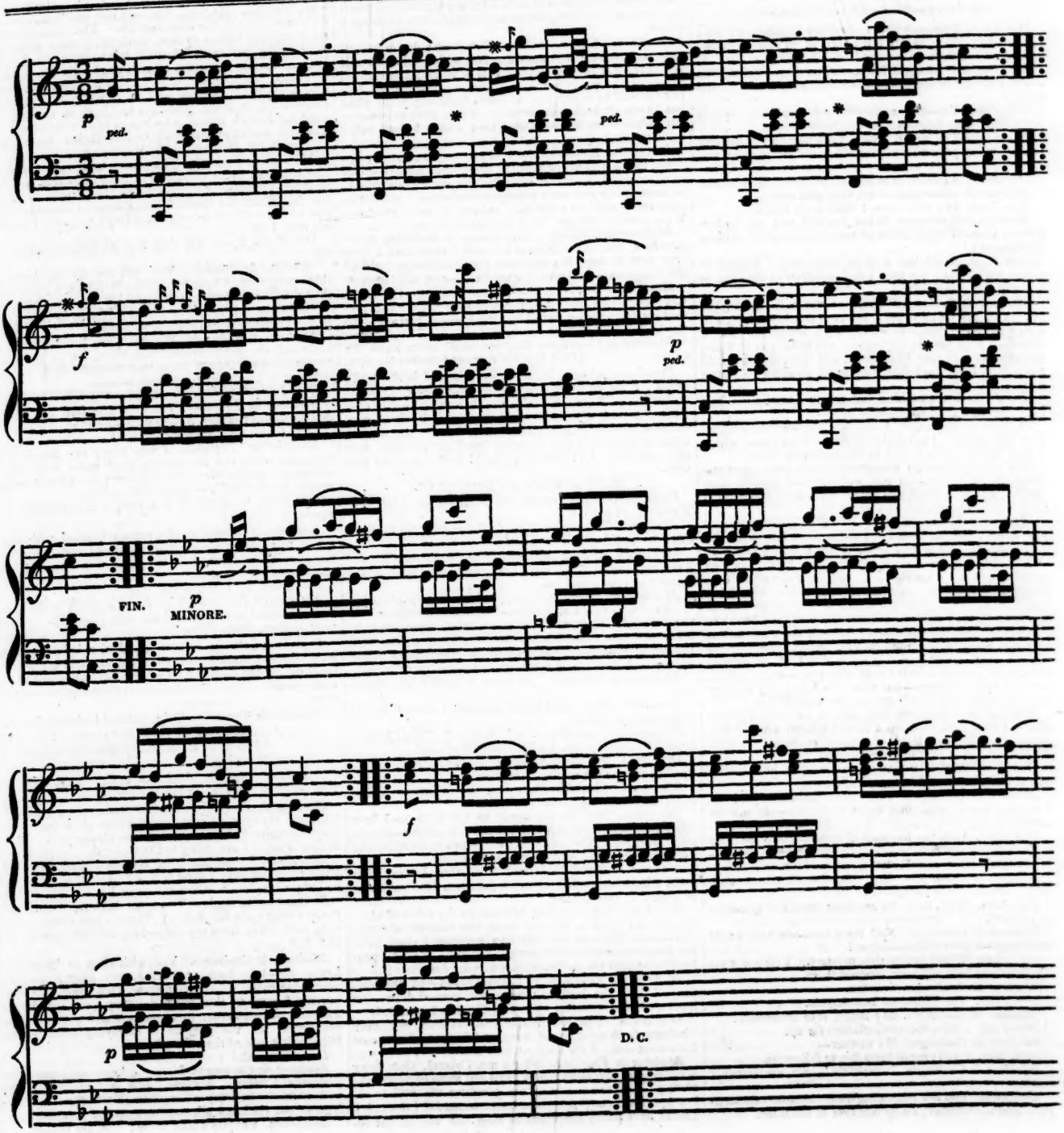
Black.



WHITE.

AIR,

COMPOSED BY J. W. WILMS, OF BERLIN.



The Drama.

THE SPANIARDS IN DENMARK.

A COMEDY, IN THREE DAYS.

(Concluded from our last.)

SCENE III.—*Saloon in the Inn.*

DON JUAN.—MADAME DE COULANGES.

Don Juan. I beseech you, excuse my impatience; but, I found you alone, in my bed room, at so late an hour, and you came there to save us!

Madame de Coulanges. Let us say no more of that, Sir.—Are you sure of succeeding?—Are all your arrangements made?

Don Juan. Yes—our regiments are marching towards Nybourg. The English fleet will be——

Madame de Coulanges. I do not ask you to tell me any thing. Keep your own counsel—but are you sure of success?

Don Juan. As much so as human prudence can warrant.

Madame de Coulanges. I am very glad of it.

Don Juan. In a short time I shall be in Spain.

Madame de Coulanges. What joy will you not feel on finding yourself in the midst of your friends, after so long an absence!

Don Juan. Alas! but a short time back I burned to return to Gallicia; but now I feel unhappy at the idea of quitting this savage island.

Madame de Coulanges. Think of the calls upon you, Sir. You are going to fight for your country. You will have a thousand things to occupy your attention. As for me—I—I hope that no misfortune will befal you in Spain—that peace will soon be restored, and then, if you should come into France—I shall feel great pleasure in seeing you.

Don Juan. I see nothing but sorrow before me.—You have been my good angel—and now—

Madame de Coulanges. I shall see you once more before your departure. I am embroidering a little purse, which I shall beg of you to accept in remembrance of me.

Don Juan. I can no longer resist.—Madam, give me either life or death—tell me, will you?—I scarcely dare propose it to you,—will you accept my name, and accompany me to my unfortunate country?

Madame de Coulanges. Sir!—What is it that you propose to me? [*Aside.*] Oh! if I did not love him so much!

Don Juan. I know that Spain is but a dull place of residence for a Frenchwoman, particularly in the state in which it now is; a canvas tent, with only the straw of a bivouac, must be the chamber of Juan Diaz's wife for a long time to come. I do not speak to you of my fortune and my birth. Your soul is of too elevated an order to be touched by such considerations; but—if the most ardent love, and the most profound esteem, should appear worthy of your heart.—You probably think that I do not love you enough for yourself—that I only offer you a share in misfortunes and sufferings—but what can I do? my country calls me, and I feel that I cannot live without you!

Madame de Coulanges. Sir, can it be possible—you offer me your hand?—I am a Frenchwoman without fortune. How can you think of me and renounce the brilliant alliance that probably awaits you?

Don Juan. And is it really true that you have no repugnance towards me?—that you love me?

Madame de Coulanges. Yes, Don Juan, I love you, but I cannot marry you—that must never be—ask me no more!

Don Juan. I am the happiest of men.—Think no more of the difference of fortune—of what consequence is it?—If you were richer than I, would you not love me?

Madame de Coulanges. Oh! would to Heaven it were so!

Don Juan. Well, then, let me show myself as generous as yourself.

Madame de Coulanges. No! leave me—you have made me happy—I am satisfied—adieu!

Don Juan. What means this mystery? Tell me your scruples—my love will soon conquer them.

Madame de Coulanges. I cannot.

Don Juan. You throw me into despair.

Madame de Coulanges. My family is so numerous!

Don Juan. I have fortune sufficient for all.

Madame de Coulanges. My mother—

Don Juan. I will prevail upon her to follow us.

Madame de Coulanges. Impossible!—she would never consent.

Don Juan. You are concealing from me some vain scruple; Eliza, I entreat you by our love to tell it me.

Madame de Coulanges. Since you insist, listen Don Juan. You are going to Spain, where the most important interests will call for all your efforts and attention. In the midst of the tumults and dangers of war what would become of me?—A wife would be a burden to you—think of the vicissitudes of war.

Don Juan [*striking his forehead*]. I thought that a woman could love as I do! Adieu, Madam, you have taught me my duty. Yes, I will return to Spain; and I trust the first cannon ball fired after my arrival will reach me—you will, at least, not have the misfortune of being a widow.

Madame de Coulanges. Stop, Don Juan; do not believe what I have said to you.—The ball which kills you will also strike me to the heart. It is a much more terrible reason that prevents me from marrying you; and I love you too well to marry you without disclosing it to you; but do not question me about it, if you wish to preserve any affection for me.—Adieu, Don Juan, I shall never cease to think of you.

Don Juan. Eliza—Eliza, I swear to you upon my honour, that I will never seek to know that reason—never speak to you of it—never have the least inquietude relative to it—nothing can ever change my affection; but if you have really any love for me, consent to accompany me. What childish scruple can it be that stops you?

Madame de Coulanges. Don Juan, in declaring to me your love, you have rendered me more happy than I have ever been in my life; but now you force me to yield all that happiness—however, it must be so—you insist upon it.

Don Juan. No, I do not—tell me nothing—I swear to you beforehand, that nothing you may tell me can prevent me from loving you—after my honour, you are to me the next dearest object in the world.

Madame de Coulanges. No, you shall never know my secret. [*Goes into her room and fastens the door.*

Don Juan [*alone*]. What is the matter! is she mad? What can the secret be that she does not avow? [*Knocks at the door.*] Eliza—Eliza!—She answers not!—Eliza!—never was there a more miserable man—all kinds of misfortunes concur to overwhelm me. I know not what to think of her! and yet, I never loved her so much as at this moment. Ah! God be praised! here comes her mother.

Enter MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Come, Madam, and restore me to life—I am a lost man if you do not aid me.

Madame de Tourville. What is the matter, Sir?—How can I be useful to you?

Don Juan. Ah, Madam, my destiny is in your hands; I am very unhappy—I have just made an avowal of my passion to your daughter.

Madame de Tourville. How, Sir!—to my daughter?

Don Juan. Yes, I adore her—I cannot live without her! she has confessed that she had no objection to me—that she loved me—and then—I know not what singular idea took possession of her—she told me that she would never be my wife.—Ah! Madam, if you have any influence over her.

Madame de Tourville. You want to marry my daughter?

Don Juan. Oh! if she would consent, I should be the happiest of mankind.

Madame de Tourville. You! [*Aside.*] What have I done? Fool that I am, I never thought of this!

Don Juan. But notwithstanding all my prayers, she refused to tell me the motive or scruple.

Madame de Tourville. But, Sir, the difference of fortune, may it not be——

Don Juan. Oh! do not speak to me of that—I have thirty thousand piastres a year; I am rich—noble—but to what purpose? She has some extravagant scruple—she conceals it from me, and dooms me to death.

Madame de Tourville [*aside*]. Fool that I was, what could I have been thinking of?—there was much more to be gained in this quarter.

Don Juan. I entreat you, Madam, in the name of Heaven, go and speak to her—be from this moment my mother—solicit for me—tell her how wretched I shall be if she does not consent to be mine.—But you, Madam, probably entertain the same scruples as your daughter?

Madame de Tourville. I, Colonel?—no—on the contrary, I have the highest esteem for you—I desire the honour of your alliance. [*Aside.*] Her head is turned.

Don Juan. You overwhelm me.—Hasten, my dear Madame de Tourville; tell her that I do not wish to know her secrets—say, if she does not hate me—

Madame de Tourville. Believe me, Colonel, that there is nothing at the bottom of all this but some childish absurdity; I have brought up my daughter too well to allow her having any thing serious to conceal. [*Aside.*] I should be a pretty simpleton to miss the ball at the rebound. The reward would be trifling in comparison with what I may derive from this—I shall tell him all.

Don Juan. Ah, Madam, my only hope is in you.

Madame de Tourville. Listen, young man, I have something very serious to tell you.

Don Juan. My dear Madame de Tourville, go to her—bring her here—I can listen to nothing at present.

Madame de Tourville. A little patience, rash youth. I have just come from the Resident's, with whom I had some business. As there was some one with him, I waited for a short time in the anti-chamber. The curiosity natural to my sex, I must confess, made me listen to what they were saying, and as the partition was a slight one, I heard all. And could you guess what it was?—He was plotting, Mr. Juan Diaz, with a young man as hot-headed as yourself, to invite the General to dinner, where he was to be assassinated or made prisoner, and kept in confinement until the French troops, who are on their way, should arrive here, and exterminate all the Spaniards in the island.

Don Juan. Heavens!—the Resident?

Madame de Tourville. The young man who was with him appeared to be unwilling to consent to this, and endeavoured to show how atrocious such conduct would be—but the villain of a Resident threatened to have him shot, and he was obliged to consent, though very much against his will, I am sure.

Don Juan. There was only this misfortune wanting to me!

Madame de Tourville. You will not do any harm to this young man, I hope? as to the Resident, he is a confirmed old scoundrel, and deserving of your utmost anger.

Don Juan. I must go to the Marquis de la Romana—be good enough to come along with me.

Madame de Tourville. We must not let the Resident escape—I am still trembling with horror at his infamous treachery—you should have him instantly shot, without listening to him;—as to the other——

Don Juan. His affair is quite clear.

Madame de Tourville. You have promised me to pardon him—but hearken, young man—hearken, my child.

Don Juan. Ah! my good mother!

Madame de Tourville. I will bring my daughter to you—and while you are making your peace with her, I will go and inform the General of every thing—and by that means we shall kill two birds with one stone.

Don Juan. Go instantly to her—I will return here in a moment.

Madame de Tourville. No, remain here—I will bring her to you immediately. She is simple and innocent—this poor Eliza—faith, between you and me, her first husband was an old dotard.

Don Juan. Go! and return quickly.

Madame de Tourville. Now for an ambush!—don't say a word—stand at that side of the door [*knocks*]. It is I, your mother, open, Eliza. [*Goes in.*

Don Juan [*alone*]. I know not whether it be a good angel or the devil that conducts our affairs; but my head is splitting! I can hold out no longer. Never was I so put to the proof. Hark! her mother is entreating her—she resists.

Madame de Tourville. Help, Colonel!—hasten here.

[*Don Juan goes into the room, and returns, bearing out Madame de Coulanges, followed by Madame de Tourville.*

Don Juan. Oh, you shall not again escape from me. You are mine for life. Your mother consents.

Madame de Tourville. Ah, this tender scene brings the tears into my eyes. Come, my children—love each other, and be happy—it is your mother who blesses you. [*Aside to Don Juan.*] I am going to the General. [*Goes out.*

Don Juan. In the name of Heaven! look upon me, Eliza! What have I done to you? Can it be that you no longer love me? Give me your hand. Ah, it is in vain that you struggle. You must take this ring. [*He forces a ring upon her finger.*] There is now nothing more to be said. You have my ring—long live the Marchioness of * * *

Madame de Coulanges. You wish then to know all? Leave me—take back your ring, and keep it for some other Marchioness. Do you know, Don Juan, for what purpose I came to this island? They promised me six thousand francs a-year to come here and get into your confidence, for the purpose of betraying your secrets. What think you of that, Don Juan?

Don Juan. Ah!

Madame de Coulanges. Now you know the honourable profession I follow. My real name is Leblanc. If you wish to know the story of my life—listen for a moment. You do not yet know all, and have need of your courage.

Don Juan. For pity's sake, cease! You are jesting.

Madame de Coulanges. Hear me.—My mother brought me up with the hope that my beauty and my talents would prove a source of wealth to her. Surrounded by a family accustomed to infamy, is it to be wondered at that I profited so well by the examples continually before my eyes? Yes, Don Juan, I am in the pay of the police. They have sent me hither to seduce you,—to draw from you the secrets of your friend, and conduct you both to the scaffold.

[*She falls upon a sofa.*

Don Juan. Eliza!—Oh, you have given me my death-blow, Eliza!

Madame de Coulanges. What! have you not fled from me?

Don Juan. You are ill, Eliza! You are mad!

Madame de Coulanges. Leave me, Sir; you will be polluted by touching a wretch like me. I shall have strength enough to get to my room unsupported.

[*She endeavours to rise, but falls again.*

Don Juan. Eliza! all that you have said is false. Have not you and your mother revealed to me the plan of destruction prepared for us by our enemies?

Madame de Coulanges. I know not what my mother may have told you; but I,—Don Juan, I have been paid—paid to find out your secrets.

Don Juan. I cannot believe you.

Madame de Coulanges. The moment I came to know you, my whole soul underwent a change.—My eyes were opened.—For the first time, it struck me, that I was doing wrong.—I wished to save you. Oh! Don Juan, the love that I feel for you!—suffer me to speak once more of that love—my love for you has changed my being. I begin to see what virtue is; it is—it is the wish to please you.

Don Juan. Unhappy woman!—Cursed be the barbarians who corrupted your youth!

Madame de Coulanges. Oh! Don Juan, you pity me. But you are so generous! You feel even for your horse when he suffers. Oh! I shall think of you all my life.—Perhaps God will have pity on me; for, yes! there is a God in heaven.

Don Juan. But at present you love virtue?

Madame de Coulanges. I love you with all the strength of my soul:—but I disgust you—I see it.

Don Juan [*after a pause*]. Hear me, Eliza, be candid—one single question. Have you ever been instrumental to the death of any human being?—But no, answer me not.—What right have I to ask you such a question? I, who fought at Trafalgar, at Eylau, at Friedland, for the despot of the world. Have I not assisted in the destruction of brave men, fighting for the liberty of their country? But a few days ago, would I not at the first sound of the drum have sabred a patriot, for the good pleasure of the Emperor? And yet I dare to ask you such a question. All men are wolves and monsters!—I am tempted to blow her brains out, and then kill myself on her body.

Madame de Coulanges. I shall answer, Don Juan. I swear to you by ———; but who will believe an oath from my mouth? No, I never caused the death of any one.—Rise up, Don Juan, take back your ring. But thank the chance that has protected me. If these hands that you kiss are unstained by innocent blood, I have to thank chance alone for it. Had I not met with you, I know not what I might have done.

Don Juan. You are as virtuous, Eliza,—you are more virtuous than those Puritanical beings, who, because they have passed their lives in a convent, boast of having resisted temptation. Eliza,—you are my wife! Your mother shall remain here. I will give her as much money as she may wish for. But you—you shall accompany me, and share in all my fortunes.

Madame de Coulanges. You are mad. In a short time you will change your mind, and then you will be astonished that you could ever have felt even pity for a creature like me.

Don Juan. Never, never!

Madame de Coulanges. Yes, I am sufficiently happy,—since you have not spurned me with your foot, as if I were some noxious reptile. I am not willing to become the bane of your life, by taking you at your word, in a moment of enthusiasm. You must find a wife who shall be worthy of you. Adieu.

Don Juan. Eliza! you shall *not* leave me. I cannot live without you. I shall never love any one but you. Come with me. They will never know any thing of your history in Spain.

Madame de Coulanges. Ah! Don Juan! [*takes his hand.*]—Be it so; I am yours. But I will not be your wife, I will be your mistress, your servant: when you become tired of me, you can drive me away. If you can bear me near you, we are united for life and death.

Don Juan. You shall be my mistress and my wife.

[*kisses her.*

Madame de Coulanges. My resolution is now taken, and I shall not change it.

Enter MADAME DE TOURVILLE.

Madame de Tourville. In one another's arms! At length I am satisfied—I told you that she wished for nothing better.

Don Juan. Eliza, leave us for an instant—I will shortly rejoin you in my room. [*Madame de Coulanges goes out.*

Madame de Tourville. Faith, Colonel, you have made quick work of it. But I am come from the Marquis who wishes to see you.

Don Juan. I know who you are, Madam; and if I pleased, I might have you hanged. Will you take ten thousand piastres to remain here, or go to the devil if you will, on condition of never again seeing, speaking, or writing to your daughter?

Madame de Tourville. But, Sir, my dear daughter——

Don Juan. Ten thousand piastres! reflect on it!

Madame de Tourville. So loving a mother——

Don Juan. Yes, or no?

Madame de Tourville. I accept the piastres—and yet it is rather hard for a mother——

Don Juan. Return to your apartment—you shall have them this evening: do not attempt to quit the house, or the sentinels shall fire upon you.

Madame de Tourville. At least, permit me for the last time——

Don Juan. Retire, and do not enrage me.

Madame de Tourville [*aside*]. What a cunning little baggage! [*Goes out.*

Enter MARQUIS.

Marquis. Faith, I submit. There is nothing like you handsome fellows for finding out a secret. Madame de Tourville told us the truth—here is a letter from the Resident inviting me to dinner.

Don Juan. Twelve bullets in his brain-pan—that's what he deserves.

Marquis. I do not intend to throw so many away upon him. I shall have his couriers arrested, and his dinner shall finish in a very different way from what he hopes: it will be also the last that we shall eat in this island. The wind is favourable. To-morrow the English Admiral will cast anchor before Nybourg. I shall make sure of the Danish and German officers, in the same manner they purposed to do with us.

Don Juan. Shoot them, shoot them, shoot them! men in general are such scoundrels, that they are scarcely worth the cartridge that sends them into the other world.

Marquis. The devil!—at what a rate you drive. I do not intend to put any one to death except the Resident, whom I shall have well and duly hanged, to teach him that a dining-room should be held as sacred as the place where a congress holds its sittings. To-morrow he shall serve as an example to all future diplomatists, and as a sign to this inn.

Don Juan. Amen!

Marquis. Take this note to Colonel Zamora—let all the couriers be arrested. The flying artillery has arrived—I am going to write to the Commandant. The fortress will be occupied by the grenadiers of Catalonia. All the regiments will assemble at five o'clock upon the parade, and, if the devil do not meddle with it, the Prince de Ponte Corvo shall not find a single man here to answer to his call.

Don Juan. Ah! General; I already long to find myself face to face with the French. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Dining-Room.*

MARQUIS, DON JUAN, *the* RESIDENT, CHARLES LEBLANC, *Spanish, Danish, and German Officers at Table.*

Charles Leblanc. Let the dessert be brought in.

Resident. Eh! not yet, not yet—it is not yet time; we have not done dining.

Marquis. What's the matter with you, Baron? you appear to be unwell.

Resident. Nothing, absolutely nothing, General; on the contrary. Mr. Leblanc, stop—I wished to tell you not to drink that wine—I am going to bring in some which is particularly excellent, that I have had by me for a long time. I shall go for it myself.

Charles Leblanc [*in a low voice*]. Send a servant.

Resident. No—I never confide the keys of my cellar to them; they are too awkward; they always break my bottles.

Charles Leblanc. Oh! He is afraid of broken bottles! Go, then; we shall not commence the dessert till your return.

Resident. No ceremony, I entreat you—eat away.

[*Goes out—the dessert is brought in.*

Marquis [*to Charles Leblanc*]. You appear to have been in the army, Sir?

Charles Leblanc. It is not impossible. But for the present quarter of an hour I am secretary to Mr. Resident; and, moreover, very much at your service.

Marquis. Don Juan, do you recollect an officer whom we picked up in Friedland? He had been covered with wounds, and thrown into a ditch by the Cossacks.

Charles Leblanc. May the devil strangle them!—it was I!—you have a good memory, General. Now, my good friends; attention to the word of command. As I am there-presentative for a quarter of an hour of Mr. Resident, seeing that he has abandoned his post—I am going to propose to you the health of our own little Corporal. Here is to the health of his Majesty, the Emperor! Long live the Emperor! [*aside.*] Why the devil do they not make their appearance?

[*The Danish and German Officers rise to drink the toast.*

The Marquis [*rising*]. It is now my turn, Gentlemen, and I have the honour of proposing the health of his Majesty, Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, and the Indies!

The Spanish Officers. Long live the King! [*tumult.*]

Charles Leblanc. Long live the Emperor!—On, on, light horsemen! General, I arrest you. Come, you Danish *canaille*, assist me!

[*Spanish soldiers enter,* CHARLES LEBLANC *is disarmed. The windows of the back scene open, the English fleet, with all their flags flying, is seen firing a salute—a joyful shout from the Spanish regiments is heard.*

Marquis. Your light horsemen are in prison, Mr. Secretary. Danish and German Officers—Gentlemen, it is with regret that I must require your words of honour not to make any attempt to oppose our design—all resistance would be vain, and your courage is sufficiently known not to need any further proof. Resume your swords; you are no longer prisoners. Heretofore we have fought together under the same banner, a future day may find us combating in the same ranks, under the flag of liberty. We quit you to fly to the defence of our country, for, before swearing to serve the Emperor, we owed our blood to Spain;—farewell, Gentlemen.—Spanish Officers—I know too well the corps I have the honour of commanding, to doubt for an instant the alacrity with which each of you will answer to the call of his country;—you are going to measure your swords with the tyrants and conquerors of the world, and the crowd of foreign slaves whom they are driving upon Spain. You will find our armies disorganized and destroyed, but every Spaniard has become a soldier, and the mountains of the Morena already attest that our peasantry can vanquish the victors of Austerlitz. Treachery has delivered up our fortified towns to the enemy; our arsenals are also in his power. But in each of our unwalled towns is a Palafox, and our citadels have become as impregnable as that of Saragossa. All our provinces are overrun by the enemy,—but every where the French are beseiged in their camps. Our king is a captive—but we have still the Pelasgi.—For Spain, Gentlemen, and war without quarter to the French!

All. For Spain!

Marquis. I am going to pass the troops in review. Do you, Don Juan, make sure of that rascal, the Resident; you know my intentions.

[*Goes out with the Spanish and Danish Officers.*

Charles Leblanc. Faith, Colonel—this is a comical turn of the tables. But may I be hanged if it was not that damned mother of mine that sold this pass upon us!

Don Juan. What is your name?

Charles Leblanc. Charles Leblanc, Lieutenant of Grenadiers in the Imperial Guards.

Don Juan. Can it be possible, Sir, that an officer belonging to a corps so justly esteemed, should descend to the trade of an assassin?

Charles Leblanc. That title does not apply to me. I did not intend to assassinate any one.

Don Juan. And those light horsemen?

Charles Leblanc. In the first place, they were not to have fired but at the last extremity; and, even in that case, it could not be called an assassination, but an ambuscade, which is quite a different thing. To assassinate may become a scoundrel of a monk or a *mouchard*, but an ambuscade is not degrading to a brave officer.

Don Juan. Sir, you appear to be much better acquainted with the articles of the military code than with the distinctions of right and wrong. But will you tell me what that soldier merits who comes to an ambuscade out of uniform?

Charles Leblanc. I feel that if you order me to be shot, as you have the right, I shall not have a word to say; but still, as I am very anxious not to be taken for a *mouchard*

by a brave officer, I beg you to remark (and note that I do not ask for my life), that I have, in no way whatsoever, sought to find out your secrets, to see where your regiments were encamped, or your artillery placed—nothing at all of that kind. I laid in ambuscade for you, as I have had already the honour of telling you. I avow that I was wrong to come dressed like a *pekin*;*—and yet, this coat——no, I can never make it out a military one. Come, I see I must have a bullet through my head to teach me never again to quit my uniform.

Don Juan. No—you have a name which saves you, M. Leblanc.

Charles Leblanc. Ah! Probably you are in love with either my mother or sister, who serve in the regiment of *mouchards*?

Don Juan. Silence!

Charles Leblanc. To the devil with the *mouchards!* Order me to be shot;—I should not like to have it said that the life of an officer of the Imperial Guard was spared for the sake of such *canaille.*

Don Juan. No—I give you your life in consideration of your courage.

Charles Leblanc. I accept it on that condition. Colonel, you are an excellent fellow, you have the look of a brave soldier, though you have not yet bitten so many cartridges as I have. And yet I am but a poor devil of a lieutenant, and you—Oh! what an excellent service that of Spain must be!

Don Juan. Would you wish for a company in our division?

Charles Leblanc. No, the devil take me if I do. I should prefer being cut into quarters rather than wear any but the French cockade!

Enter a SERGEANT.

Sergeant. Colonel—we have been seeking every where for the Resident, but cannot find him. However, the rope is quite ready at the inn door.

Charles Leblanc. Ah! ah! and so there is a halter dangling over the door, instead of the sign of the Three Crowns!

Enter MADAME DE COULANGES, *dressed in the uniform of Don Juan's regiment.*

Madame de Coulanges. Colonel, your regiment is about to march, and only waits for you.

Don Juan. Oh! my dear Eliza!

Charles Leblanc [*aside, and turning away*]. My sister! May the devil fetch her!

Don Juan. There is the cannon giving the signal of departure. Come, my dearest love.

Madame de Coulanges. Farewell, France. I shall never see you again!

Charles Leblanc [*aside.*] France is well rid of you. [*Aloud.*] Adieu, Colonel, I do not thank you.

[*Don Juan, Madame de Coulanges, and Spanish soldiers go out.*

Charles Leblanc [*at the window*]. Gallant looking troops, faith! charming *coup d'œil!* What a fine thing to command a division such as that! By the right flank! into column! march! How stupidly these Danes stare at them, like so many plucked geese!

RESIDENT *enters, opening the door cautiously.*

Resident. I hear no noise—all must be over. I may now venture, as I no longer hear the voices of the Spaniards. Ah! my dear Lieutenant, you here! Have we not managed our affairs in gallant style? I was obliged to make head against a dozen of them below stairs! Why the devil did you not wait for me?

Charles Leblanc. Look out of the window.

Resident. Heavens! La Romana at the head of the Spaniards! What does all this mean?

Charles Leblanc. It means that we have been betrayed, that I should have been shot, but for Colonel Juan Diaz, and that they are looking for you to hang you!

Resident. To hang me!

Charles Leblanc. They wish to make you serve as a sign to this inn; do you see that halter? It is your neck that it waits for.

Resident. To hang me!

Charles Leblanc. Yes, truly—I wish you a happy time of it, Mr. Resident.

Resident. Oh! Heavens! and will you not defend me, Lieutenant?

Charles Leblanc. What can I do? I am disarmed. The best thing you can do is to ask pardon of these Gentlemen and Ladies.

Resident. Thus finishes the comedy; excuse the faults of the author.

* A name of contempt, by which the French military designate the civilians.

Correspondence.

SAVAGE EXHIBITIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your sentiments, as expressed in your last number, concerning that abominable "lion fight," do honour to your head and heart. You have fully proved that there can be neither instruction nor pleasure derived from such an exhibition. You say it tends to "brutalize the spectators." Trust me, the spectators of such a spectacle must have been more than half brutalized beforehand, or they never would have encouraged, by their presence and purses, so vile a display of barbarity. Here we shudder and think with horror on a bull-fight; but they are only attended by the lowest of the low; so low, that I do believe, that, if the admission were to be one penny each, ten of the spectators would not pay for their *gratification.* Now with you the case was different, and the exhorbitant prices of the tickets only proves how highly the treat must have been prized, which could be purchased at so dear a rate by *Englishmen*, who are not very famous for throwing away their money for nothing. To disgrace the county of Warwick, too! the birthplace of Shakspeare, who knew, and expressed so well, what the quality of mercy is! Oh! let the "*Warwickshire lads*" hide their diminished heads, and, if they have a blush left, spend it in trying to atone for their cruelty! Your Quaker friend has said all that humanity can say on the subject, and that is much. He has touched on the *double cruelty*, to the poor dogs as well as the *pet lion*, which struck me forcibly when first I heard of it. We are constantly in dread here lest the silly part of our people, who are fond of imitating English fashions, without the *nouse* to examine whether they are good or bad, only that they *are* English, should try to introduce the *fancy* here. We had a narrow escape at the time of the fight between Spring and Langan. I would not answer for the consequences, if Langan had been victorious; but Paddy, who is easily set on fire, and as easily extinguished, was completely quenched by the news of Spring's victory; and the majority knew how it would be, and waited as anxiously to hear the news of *our champion's* (a common vagabond's) defeat, as those who were half inclined to be *fanciful* did for the reverse.—I hope sincerely we shall hear of no more lion fights, or any thing else of the kind, and that Englishmen will not degrade themselves by countenancing such *amusements.* AN OLD MAID OF ERIN.

Dublin, August 8, 1825.

CRICKET MATCH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The unwarranted license which the True Blue Club have taken upon themselves, in giving publicity to the nominal particulars of a match, the inequality of which must have been evident to every impartial observer of the game, but to which the mistaken vanity of its members has not thought proper to allude, has induced me, however incompetent to the task, to offer a few remarks on the subject; which should not have occupied a space in your valuable columns, had they not been first provoked by the introduction of the names of both parties. I shall, however, merely give my opinion as an unprejudiced spectator:—The True Blue Club is composed of young men, in the prime of life, full of strength and vigour—not one of whom is, I am almost certain, under 18, and most from 21 to 27 years of age, and I will venture to affirm, from indubitable authority (being their own), that they have all served a seven years' apprenticeship to the game, and, therefore, ought, in my opinion, with all these advantages on their side, to have been competent to throw down the gauntlet to any other other club more celebrated than the Overflow, as it is termed by them, but which is, in fact, the Abercrombie; the oldest of whose members is 18, the rest being from 13 to 16 years of age. In addition to this disparity in the ages of the two parties, there was some unfair play (to put the mildest construction upon it) on the part of the True Blue, to whom, but not to the public, it is well known. On the week preceding the above match, another had been played between the same clubs, but not the same parties; the True Blue were then victorious by 11 runs. The Abercrombie, anxious to redeem their laurels, challenged their opponents to bring up the same men, on the following week, for that purpose. This was agreed upon by both parties; but on the appointed day, the True Blue, contrary to agreement, brought a player, who was known to be their best bowler, and who had been absent at the former match. The Abercrombie objected strongly to this person playing; but the True Blue proposed that, provided he was allowed to play, he should not bowl: but here, for the second time, the True Blue break their engagement, as he (Mr. Ragg) did bowl; when no less than six wickets fell under his hand. Two of the Abercrombie perceiving this unfair play, left the field. This, Sir, is the reason why the True Blue were victorious, and this they forgot to state in their account of last week.

Yours, &c. OBSERVATOR.

Cockney Pun.—Your genuine Cockney always converts the final *a* into *r*, and talks of Roxanar and Statirar, instead of Roxana and Statira. One of these gentlemen, with, besides this ordinary vulgarism, has a most vicious aspiration of the vowels, and a determined predilection for the letter *h*, a few days ago, seeing the representation of the immense skeleton of the fossil deer, in the *Liverpool Mercury*, exclaimed, "Vell, I declare, vat a *high deer!*" meaning "what an idea."

To Correspondents.

In order to bring the French comedy of the "Spaniards in Denmark" to a close in our present publication, we have been obliged to subject some prepared communications to a week's postponement. With the exception of the *London Magazine*, this spirited and popular comedy has not been published in this country through any other medium than the *Kaleidoscope.* The merits of the piece are acknowledged by every reader of taste whom we have heard mention the subject; and we are gratified to think that we have been enabled, in five numbers of our work, to put the public in possession of a dramatic piece, which, if published in the ordinary form in this country, would have cost the purchaser at least a fifth of the price of our whole annual volume.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.—We shall next week commence the Journey to Brunswick, which our excellent friend, *Plodelo Sperans*, has prepared expressly for the *Kaleidoscope.*

GIBBON'S ESSAY ON THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.—The termination of "The Spaniards in Denmark" will enable us to proceed, without further delay, with our promised reprint of a valuable work, written by the celebrated author of the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire.

CAMBRIAN ANTIQUITY.—Our Chester correspondent *T.* is informed, that our engraving of the monument is completed, and shall appear in the next *Kaleidoscope.*

CRICKET MATCH.—The account of the Liverpool and Manchester match reached us too late for this week's publication. We may perhaps notice it next week; but we do not know whether these details possess any interest beyond the cricket circle.

THEATRICAL QUERY.—We have to inform *Trebonius*, that Mr. Bass, of the Liverpool company, has it in his power to answer his question, as that gentleman has long been in the habit of keeping a theatrical diary.

THE FINE ARTS.—Amongst the communications postponed for a reason already assigned, is the letter of *P.* It shall certainly appear next week; but we take this opportunity of stating, that its insertion is not to be considered as any pledge on our parts to give publicity to future communications on the subject. We shall for the future be very circumspect in the introduction of anonymous critiques on paintings or sculpture, as we have reason to believe that private pique or partiality too often influence the judgment of the writers.

W.'s essay on the advantages of an amiable temper is reserved for our next.

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